PULASKI, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 13, 1866,

BUSINESS CARDS,

B. A. WILSON, M. A. CARTER, WILSON, CARTER & CO., COTTON FACTORS,

AND WHOLESALE AND BETAIL DEALERS IN Groceries & Plantation Supplies No. 184 MAIN STREET, Corner Washington, [june 1] MEMPHIS, TENN

COMMERCIAL HOTEL,

Corner Cedarland Cherry Streets, Nashville, Tennessee, J. G. FULGHUM, Proprietor, Formerly of 28 North Summer St., J. G. WILSON, Clerk.

This Hotel has been lately refitted and newly furnished. The proprietor desires a liberal patronag of the traveling public. [may 18-5m

NATHAN ADAMS. Office in Court-house next to Post Office, WILL PRACTICE LAW in Chancery and Circuit courts of Giles. He will Attend to the Collection of Claims against the U.S. for Bounty, Pension, Back Pay or claims for property-and charge nothing in such cases until the maney is collected. [feb 16-6m

SOLON E. ROSE, Attorney & Counsellor at Law PULASKI, TENN. Office in the South-west Corner of the Court House, WILL PRACTICE In the Courts of Giles and adjouning counties, [feb:

AMOS R. RICHARDSON, Attorney and Counsellor at Law. PULASKI, TENN.

Will practice in Giles and adjoining counties. Office in the Court House. jan19tf

T. M. N. JONES, Attorney at Law, PULASKI, TENN., Will Practice in Giles and the Adjoining Counties OFFICE, West side Public Square, Up-stairs, over th of May, Gordon & May, next door to the Tennes

P. G. STIVER PERKINS, Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

PULASKI, TENN., Will Practice in Giles and the adjoining counties In North end of the Tennesses House, west side of the public square. jan 12-tf JAS. M'CALLUM. INO. C. BROWN.

BROWN & McCALLUM. ATTORNEYS AT LAW, PULASKI, TENNESSEE. OFFICE .- The one formerly occupied by Walker

WALLACE BUTLEDGE. RUTLEDGE & REED, Attorneys and Councellors At Law, PULASKI, TENNESSEE, WILL practice in the Courts of Giles, Marshall, Maury and Lawrence. Particular attention given to the collection of claims. Office s.e. corner Public Square, Up stairs. Jan 5, 1y.

LEON GODFROY, Watch Maker & Jeweller, PULASHI. TENN., A LL kinds of Ramiring in Watches or Jewelry done promptly, and satisfaction warranted.

Shop at Mason a Ezell's Store, [feb 16-tf M. D. Le MOINE, ARCHITECT. office No. 11, Cherry St., near Church-NASHVILLE, TENN.

P. O. Box 875.

[Jan 1 '66-8m

Pa He MELLLy E. EDMUNDSON Ezell & Edmundson, East Side Public Square, Pulaski, Tenn. Keep constantly on hand a full and assorted STOCK OF GOODS Embracing a great variety,

A LL of which they offer at low prices—especially their elegant stock of Ready Made Clothing. Al! kinds of Barter, all kinds of money, premiur and uncurrent, taken at their market value. jan 5 tf.

DE. C. C. ABERNATHY. DR. J. F. GRANE, MEDICAL CARD. DRS. GRANT & ABERNATHY

Puluski, Tenn., HAVING associated themselves in the practice of Medicine and Surgery, respectfully tender their services to the people of Giles and the adjoining counties; and hope by strict attention to business to merit a liberal share of public patronage. Special Attention Given to Surgery.

Having had ample experience in the Army during the war, and being supplied with all the appliance necessary, they feel fully prepared to treat all cases entrusted to their care. Office near South-west Corner Public Square.

CAL. BOOKER.

TONSORIAL. elite of Pulaski, to call on them at their new BARBER,S SALOON, North side Public square, at the striped pole.

L. W. McCORD, Book and Job Printer,

CITIZEN OFFICE, SCUER-MAFT CORNER PURBIC SQUARE - UF STAIRS, PULASKI, TENNESSEE. CASH required for all Job-work. No Job can be

A Northern exchange says: "A gentleman, in traveling along the coast of Florida and Georgia, found a woman who did not know what a newspaper was. She had seven children and a pipe in her mouth." She must have had a capacious mouth.

HE that indulges himself in ridiculing the little imperfections and weaknesses of his friends, will in time find mankind united against him. The man who sees another ridiculed before him, though he may, for the present, concur in the general laugh, yet, in a cool hour, will consider the same trick might be played upon him.

Courc IN Honses .- The eminent physician, Dr. S. S. Ritch, recommends a remedy for colic in horses, a pint of wood ashes, so far liquified as to enable the animal to take it. He states that in the stomach of a horse belonging to him, which died of colic, was found a large ball of meal, undigested, the real cause of death. The alkali proposed would have disintegrated such a substance. The wood ashes will not harm the coating of the stomach, while they will produce speedy relief in all cases, however severe.

Just listen how a New Orleans reporter runs on: "We have now the watermelon, the muskmelon, the cantelope, the orange, the peach, the plum and the fig, all grown beneath our own genial sky. Of the tropical fruits, you will find in the markets the mango, the banana, the pineapple and the plantain; also, the lime and the lemon .-These fruits are all delicious, and, we might add, as expensive as delicious. We can easily enough understand how and why they are delicious, but cannot comprehend how and why they are so costly. They seem to be as profuse as the manna which of old came down from heaven."

Twelve Months Ago. What changes have occurred during the past twelve months! Lee's surrender took place in April, 1865; then followed Jos Johnston's; then Dick Taylor's, and Kirby Smith's, and the fighting was over.

The paroled boys in gray, after battling for four dreary years, and vindicating their manhood on many a bloody field, came home as best they could, singly, in squads, weary and cast down. The embatiled hosts have disappeared: have subsided into citizens-are now farmers, mechanics, workmen, lawyers, doctors, business men-the "boys in blue" and the "boys in gray," who so long confronted each other in the fierce shock of battle, now are found side by side in the peaceable avocations of life; and in place of destroying are now pro-

"Grim visaged war has smoothed his wrinkled front," smiling Peace broods ever the land, and is fast healing and hiding the ghastly wounds of war.

Look back at the state of things a year ago, and compare them with the present, and see what a wonderful progress has been made in one short twelve months. Armies disbanded by wholesale; the tread of terible battalions no longer heard; farms hamlets, towns, cities, no longer destroyed by war, but repaired by peace. Nature smiles serene, and lends her bounteous hand to restore and repair war's ravages. Men, set free to labor unmolested and to reap the due rewards thereof, are heartily at work, fulfilling the Divine command. Civilly, all was chaos a year ago: Dread and despair possessed the people: Law and order were in abeyance. Now, civil government exists-State action goes on; courts sit, law reigns, justice is executed, the citizen is protected, the criminal is punished. The gallows and the headman's axe by no political victims. A magni Government has granted general pardon and amnesty to all of us in rebellion to overthrow its lawful authority. Its authority now reigns supreme where for more than four years it was set at armed defiance .-The ports are open, trade is unrestricted, commerce resumes its old channels, the Post Offices are being opened, the taxes are collected, the railroads are repaired, and travel is as of yore-no passports, no

guards, no oaths-but all free to go at will. When so much has been accomplished towards a return to civil life, to regular government, to law and order, to free, unrestricted labor, trade and travel, to the restoration of political rights, shall we be cast down because all is not yet secure? No. The wonder is, that so much has been accomplished in one short year.

Time, patience, quiet, obedience and cheerful acquiescence in the Inevitable, will work out for us as a People our full political salvation under the new dispensation.

This has been one of the mightiest revo-A LEX and CALVIN. Knights of the art Tonsorial, lutions the world ever saw, and we can't expect to recover from it in one year, nor even to realize fully the great changes it has already effected and is destined to effect in the unfolding of Providence. We experience yet many of the evils of the war. its disastrous results, and have not been able to accommodate ourselves fully to the new status. Politically, we have no voice in the national legislation, because Congress has not yet eeen proper to accord it to | years? Winter Ds(vis).

the lately insurrectionary States. But it will come in time, as Mr. Seward said in a recent speech-either from this Congress or the next. By our own act, we had no voice in Congress from January, 1861, to December 1865. Now, we ask admission, and Congress hesitates whether to trust us again. We counsel patience. Our right now to representation is clear, and must be admitted before long, for "truth is omnipotent and public justice certain." And our members, as the President says, who are legally and constitutionally eligible, will be admitted, sooner or later, and then restoration will be complete. And Time will continue to cicatrice the wounds of war and cement us together as one people againwith one country-one Constitution-one Destiny-common interests, and "joined together like meeting rivers, which roll into the sea one common flood, and are no more distinguished."

Let us, therefore, hope on-hope eyer. Let us learn to labor, and to wait. Let us learn to trust Providence to guide and admonish, to rule and protect .- Huntsville Advocate. If and your of side about it il

Where's Smith.

If there is a man by the name of John Smith in the United States, he is hereby informed that there is a letter for him in the postoffice .- Baltimore Sun.

The last we heard of Mr. Smith, he was iving in Michigan .- Toledo Blade.

That's a mistake. Smith was sent to the enitentiary from here for appropriating a keg of scrap-iron whisky-Buffalo Adv.

All wrong. John Smith has been arrested and sent to Sing Sing for participating in a copperhead convention at Albany. -Broome Republican.

Oh, pshaw! John Smith is over here editing the "Alta Californian," and superintending the construction of a whirlwind to grind smoke .- San Francisco Flag.

Mistake somewhere. Smith was in Markleville all winter, with a wheelbarrow wheelng sunshine down in a cellar to dry the buckwheat .- Alpine Chronicle.

The identical John Smith, above referred to, recently appeared in this city, and is running a snake and monkey show at the corner of Fourth and Commercial streets .-Atchison Press.

Beg your pardon; but that Smith has been in this city all the winter acting as assistant tutor in a political gymnasium .-Leavenworth Bulletin.

All wrong, gentlemen, John Smith is an honored representative in the present ligislature here and answers to his name at roll call with as much nonchalence as if it were simply Jones or Brown .- Topeka Leader.

You are all wrong. Smith has terned "abolitioner," and at last accounts was running a "nigger machine" at Junction City. -Kansas Democrat. You are all badly posted for newspaper

editors. John Smith was blown up by a steamboat on the Tombigbee, a few weeks ago, and has not come down yet .- Mobile

John Smith has come down, and says the blowing up he got was not by a steamboat, but by Mrs. Smith. He is now at his forge, taking in greenbacks and greenhorns .--Mabile Tribune.

Our cotemporary is a little premature .-

All wrong again. John Smith was not blown up on a boat, but lost his life endeavoring to swim through the waterfall of Mrs. Smith .- Murfreesboro Monitor.

Slightly mistaken, Mr. Monitor; we happened to be acquainted with the distinguished personage alluded to, and have good avidence to believe, that if he is really dead, he came to his death by a kick from Mrs. Smith's (false) calf .- Shelbyville Expositor.

It is astonishing how some papers will varn. It is well known that the life of John Smith was saved by Pocahontas at the Tableaux here not long since, and that he is now living. Go over and get your letter,

HERE are some capital conundrums from M. W. M.'s literary repository: What trees are the same after being burnt as before? The ashes.

Into what tree might an abolitionist be changed without effecting his morals? A locust (lo-cuss).

What flower did Hero mention when she found her lover drowned? Oleander. What sum ought never to be multiplied?

What beach was most fatal to the Ship of State? Ward Beech(er).

What are the most worthless articles of furniture ever produced by the Yankees? The Freedmen's Bureau and the Secretary

Which is the safest depository for silver spoons, ect.? Nathaniel Banks. Which is the most obnoxious of all weeds?

Thurlow Weed. Wanted-an orator to stump Mrs. Harriet

Beacher's toe. Which is the most tedious day of the

False Calves, Bosems and Plumpers. A Misissippi paper has the following: The false calves are rendered necessary by the new style of "tilting hoops," which go very far toward exposing what was before only dreamed of, or existed only in the im-

"These calves are not a fleeting show. For man's illusion given, They're filled with brand, or stuffed with tow, And swell about a foot or so, And look first rate, by heaven."

agination. In the language of an exchange:

The false bosoms are made of fine wire in the shape of a bird's nest, with a small spring in them, and really look and feel quite natural.

The plumpers are fastened on the teeth in such a manner as to make the face look round and plump, and are calculated to deceive the unsuspecting. Young gentlemen artificial fixins-but we do advise them never to marry a Yankee girl without a full investigation.

> [From the Atlanta Era.] Scandalous.

We turn the author of the following doggerel over to the wishes of the ladies. We make no apology for him, as he has neither youth nor age to recommend him to clemency. We have reason to believe that this act of his was the result of mature deliberation. Hear what he has to say:

As along the street I blundered, Much I marveled, much I wondered. Seeing sights and things that mortal Never saw or dreamed before; On the pavement came a rapping, As of footfalls gently tapping, And I heard a muslin-flapping, Which my eye would fain explore: "The some female," then I muttered-I had seen the thing before-Only this and nothing more.

Came this female sweeping by me-Fearing she should chance to spy me, Suddenly I stepped into a Friendly, waiting, open door; Thence I saw the lovely maiden-Being from some distant Aidenn-All perfumed and dry goods laden Pass me and go on before. Nought had I to do but follow And note down the dress she wore-Twas a mystery to explore.

And I found-by close inspection-That her haughty, upper section, Something chance had called a bonnet On its pericranium wore; And her breast was heaving slowly, 'Neath a garment fashioned low-ly, And I knew the movement wholly, I had never seen before, For I knew 'twas "patent heavers' That this radient maidan wore,

Only these and nothing more,

And her cheers were full and rosy-I could tell you, inter nos, a Secret that a druggist told me Of the color that she were-Yet her cheeks were very pleasing, But her look at me was freezing. And she aboved a sign of sneezing, As she swept along before, And she sneezed a pair of "plumpers" Out at least a yard before, Only this and nothing more.

Then I notice an uncertain Lifting of the muslin curtain, That her feet had deftly hidden From my errant eyes before, With each lift came a desire That 'twould lift a little higher, And at last it did aspire Righer than I'd seen before, And I knew it was a "tilter" That this saintly maiden wore; Just a "tilter"-nothing more.

And the tilting and the rocking Up and down the splendid stocking Gartered by a bluish ribbon, That I chanced to see she wors, Showed me-'twas a sight for weeping, That a pair of calves were creeping Out of place as she was sweeping Like a stately queen before: Calves that she had lately purchased From a fancy dry goods store, Patent calves-and not much more.

And the fluttering and the flapping Of the maiden's gaudy trapping Showed me sights that never mortal Eye had dared to see before; Sights revealed by every lifting Of the folds of muslin drifting Round her, which the winds were shifting Eye-ward, higher, more and more, Sights that to no mortal vision Ever were revealed before, Nameless here forever more.

And while thus her rigging flattered, Much I wondered, and I muttered: "And you call this thing a woman That is trouncing on before; She, the brazen dolt of fashion, Wrapped in one tremendous passion, Sunken from her noble station To the thing that goes before; Oh, that ever mortal vision Should such mystery explore!" This I muttered, nothing more.

And the thought came o'er me gushing, "Where has gone the art of blushing That we loved in wife or maiden In the saintly days of yore?" Call me, if you will, uncivil, While I name her "thing of evil," And I wish the very dence Had the toggery she wore, And again she were arryed in Dresses like her mother wore, Vanquished now forever more.

"I say, Pat, are you digging out a hole in that onion bed?" "No," says Pat, "I am digging out the earth and leaving the whole."

"ALL ye black guards that isn't lawyers lave the Court," said the crier of a court hold what they call "Cametery Socials."

The Truth Every word of it .-- What Union Soldier thinks of the Ladies of the South.

[From the New York Citizen.]

We see such vulgar objurgation lavished in certain loyal papers on the ladies of the recently rebellious States, for their disloyal temerity in forming associations to deck the graves of soldiers who fell in the Confederate cause. This is cant, and something worse-cant combined with cruelty .-These ladies were conscientious rebels at heart. They were more fiery and enthusiastic in the cause than the men who did actually battle for it. Their songs were rebel. Their colors were rebel. hearts were rebelliously romantic. need have no fears as regards the ladies in | had nothing but womanly contempt for the this section-they are all right and need no able-bodied paltroon who failed to follow the standard of his State.

They gave their jewels to the cause, and

their souls to the cause. Their hands to the upholders of the cause. Their best lk dresses to be used for baloons of observation by the rebel armies. They foreswore hoops for the cause. They were homespun, and made it themselves, that the cause might have more money at home and pay less to Europe for costly imports of vanity. For the rebellion they accepted homely fare and the sacrifice of every delicate indulgence, so dear to their sex. They scraped lint assiduously. Served as nurses in the rebel hospitals. Saw sons, brothers, fathers, husbands, lovers killed for the cause; and gloried in their mourning as in robes of holiest triumph. In a word, they were -so far as we saw them-the heart and brain of the rebellion. They gave it its devotion of affection and poesy. The rebel men were the mere bruts or grossly material part of the struggle. The men were mere sinews and bones. It was masculine blood that was spilled, however, and masculine flesh that was backed or pierced. But the songs, the inspiration, the beauty, passion and glory of the late rebellion-for it had all these, and we may as well confess it-all these came from the Southern women, whose kisses had greater recruiting cogency than all the bounty-swindling arrangements of Baker or Spinola; and whose rye coffee proved a circe-cup, capable of changing Southern gentlemen, heretofore

servative, into the "insane loyal and c evolt." swine of an en of the South, there-Would no hey must be of their

curred on the Southern side of the late struggle-be false to every impulse of justice and honor, untrue to every instinct of womanly nature, and deceitful as the painted profligates who form the shame of their sex-did they not feel in every fibre of their hearts, and moment of their lives, that repentant sorrow which now seeks confession if not expirately their efforts to beautify and immortalize the graves of the faithful dead whom they sent forth to battle? Far from quarrelling with the manifestation of such a sentiment, we think it a hopeful indication of returning healthy opinion.

Let the Southern women decorate the graves of their own dead, and the graves of Northern soldiers in the South will thereafter be safe from desecration. The equality of death has a terrible logic in its teachings; nor will women who have garlanded with flowers the last resting places of sons or husbands be inclined to forget that other women, holding similar relationships in the North, have similar sorrows for the dead of the Union armies who take their last sleep under the live oaks, yellow pines and dark magnolias of that warmer and richer clime.

Sooner or later-if we are ever to repossess a true Union-the bitterness appropriate only to the active days of the recent contest must cease; and we of the winning party must be willing to confess that there was much real nobleness, romance and moral grandeur in the courage with which the five millions of whites of the South, faced and fought the overwhelming resources and numbers arrayed on behalf of the national life. The day cannot come too soon. Dr. Craven's book on the imprisonment of Jefferson Davis, is a step in the right direction. Let it be followed, and heartily, by similar acknowledgements of respect from the victors to the worthy and gallant of the vanquished.

Kind words from the conqueror soothe defeat, and take away the sting of former hostility. Let us have a genuine reconciliation with our recent foes on the basis of a restored Union, whose integrity they shall never again attempt to violate; and let the women of the South, not only be allowed to decorate the graves of their dead without molestation-but likewise be encouraged in | friend?" "Because I thought so the task, and be furnished by our quartermasters with whatever facilities are given in like cases to the women of the loyal North engaged in similar offices of piety and pure affection.

In Girard, Pennsylvania, the citizens They must be grave affairs.

Some Hard Licks at Pollard. The following article from the pen of Ex-Governor Allen, late of Louisians, and no editor of the Mexican Times (if not de is clipped from that paper of the January. It appears that the Gover but little friendship or respect for

ect upon which he writes: The civil war in America is en the "banner of the bars" that was Jackson and gleamed upon the Stuart's reckless riders has been as men hide the trinkets of a de

Although the blood of Virgin and bravest is not yet dry in nor has the grass grown over ture graves of the manly Confed fell before Petersburg, vet Mr. lard, a pretty writer and a talent in a long newspaper article, deno President Davis, Generals Lee, and Beauregard, and says "the people disgraced themselves forev they refused to fight to extermination they lack courage and endurancemanship, and intelligence." He critic compaigns, ridicules strategical n ments, sneers at retreats, and laugh every heroic effort of the brave men,

have left to history an immortal name Who is Mr. E. A. Pollard? He is a ginian, the editor of the Richmond ner, and the author of the "Souther tory of the War." We have grief first, blushes for the second, and con

for the last. During all those years of carnage blood, this Richmond Examiner wa astiate fiend of opposition and hatred by step it broke down the brave, for of Sidney Johnson; again and again ated and gored the sensitive soul of regard; week after week it denounce heroic efforts of Joseph E. Johnsto now, when Jefferson Davis is chaine the waves of his rock-ribbed prison, to stab his reputation and his honor. It is not often that men like Pol Jordan can gloat over the agony a spirit and the degradation of such It is not often that such a noble be Lee's is laid bare for the thrust o ruffian's spear, or the dagger of coward's hand. It is not lated nation writhes under children and the cruelties spring. It is not often the nishes human hyenas to exhi of her sainted dead, and howl light over the revolting feast.

Rellectmented extermination was in New York city, hob-Greely, and telling the pleasant at his pleasant way of the four years' w He wanted fifty thousand men to fi million to the death, but head beside them and proffered mon fate. Like Job's was the battle from afar! She humbug is cheap, and Henr er's patent sermons are chesp ty, faith, honor, chivalry, m how pure and unpopular.

Pollard's mother State lies p the dust, her hearth-stones desolate her idols shattered. All over the land can see her bereaved daughters weeping the young, fresh faces that looked bac them from the heat and yellow dust of t conflict just before the horses' feet tro them down. He can almost hear the breeze from the Wilderness singing their mela choly dirges over Stuart and Ashby, a Pelham, and Hill, and Jackson, dear God. He has no love, nor veneration, no tenderness, nor pity for any of these; bu tearing open the graves of the immorta dead, he blends them with the living it one sacrilegious anathems of contemptous

Drape the picture of a nation in its ag ny, and cover its laurels with the mourni cypress. Furl the conquered banner w a farewell look, and shrine its memory our heart of hearts; but to the brutal har hood of those who curse and villify a ru ed race, give vengeance, scorn, and a nes dying contempt.

History tells how Coriolanus halted victorious legions beyond the vallow Til but that Nero fiddled a godly tune wi Rome was burning. Amid the grave his kindred, the anguish and despai brave men in their crushing overthy amid the blue skies and green fields of nstivity, E. A. Pollard dips his p gail of New England hate and record of his own everlsating

A lawyer asked a witnes stood from a certain place. two feet, eight inches and a harr, reply. "How came you to be so! other would ask me, so I measure

"Miss Brown, I have been to to tell fortune," said a your brisk brunette. "Just give m if you please." La, Mr. W. sudden you are! Well, go an

EFITAPH on a physician-"! all his patients.